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Dowch er côf i wylofain—ar wyddfa
Yr addfwyn lyw cywrain ;
Ail ni bù i'r cu wr cain,
Er rhyfyg Groeg a Rhufain. W. WILLIAMS.

Picton, ei alon wylodd,—rhag taerni,
Rhwyg teyrnas achubodd ;
Rhyddion holl Ewrop rhoddodd ;
Marw yw 'nawr a mawr y modd ! J. HOWELL.

Rhodd hyfryd gwir brýd ger bron,—a gludai
I'r gwledydd heddychlon ;
Aeth, 'n ol gorphen dibenion,
I entyrch llewyrch yn llon. S. PRICE.

Pell edrych, pwy eill adrodd—y nerthol
Iawn wyrthiau gyflawnodd ?
Gelyn traws o'i geulan trodd,
Ei gaerau oll a gurodd. W. WILLIAMS.

Gwych udgorn clod, nod a wna—o'r gwrthiau,
A'r gwerth nis gwahana ;
Marw wnaeth, yna daeth enw da,
Yn fythol hwn ni fetha. J. HOWELL.

Llandovery, July 20, 1819.

—◆—
An ENGLYN ON a ROCK falling down in the VALE of NEATH, by
RHYS MORGAN JOHN, of Pencraig-Nêdd, written about the
beginning of the last century.

Creigydd a gelltyd gwylltion—a dolydd
Ardaloedd Nêdd dirion,
Rhwygwyd a braenwyd eu bron :
Ffwrdd ! unwaith gael ffordd union.

ENGLISH POETRY.

TRANSLATIONS OF THE PENNILLION.

XVII.

Those wild birds see, how bless'd are they !
Where'er their pleasure leads they roam,
O'er seas and mountains far away,
Nor chidings fear when they come home.